THE
Loyal Calves-Head-Club:
OR,
Commonwealths-Men, who meet every Night at the Sign of the *Tatler*, *Newgate-Street*;

To Settle Affairs of Church and State,
Just as before, in Forty Eight.

TUNE, *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

I.

A Seditious Old Cowardly Prater,
With his Croney the Clock-Maker,
And many others do meet, Sir,
At the *Tatler* in *Newgate-street*, Sir,
Consulting to pull the Church down,
Consulting———
And in this *Calves-Head-Club*, Sir,
They give it many a Drub, Sir;
And all to promote their *Tub*, Sir,
Which cannot endure a Curb, Sir;
From Establish'd Church or Gown,
From———

II.

Our Bishops are dirtily treated,
And *Oliver's* Precepts repeated;
To resist the Crown when they please, Sir,
And kick at the Q——n for their Ease, Sir,
By Virtue of Forty Eight,
By Virtue———
For the Laws, the Church, and Crown, Sir,
They all must be put down, Sir;
With those that wear the Gown, Sir,
To be trampled on the Ground, Sir,
And taste of the same Fate,
And taste———

III.

They Voted a *Damnable Thing*, Sir,
That the Glorious Martyr'd King, Sir,
Shou'd now be quite forgot, Sir;
Because they knew him not, Sir,
Yet justify that Fact,
Yet———
And every Day and Hour
They say, That they have Power
For seizing on the *Tower*,
And make Crown'd Heads look sower,
By Virtue of that Old ACT,
By———

IV.

A Cobler and a Prince, Sir,
They made equal long since, Sir;
And say our Peers are Knaves, Sir,
And ought to be made Slaves, Sir,
And have no Power in Town,
And have———
But as in Forty Eight, Sir,
When *Mob* did make the State, Sir:
For Loyalty they hate, Sir,
Hoping 'twill not be late, Sir,
Before the Church is down,
Before———

V.

They'll swear at any rate, Sir,
To Advance *their* Canting State, Sir;
And ruin any Man, Sir,
That justly them withstand, Sir,
As the Quaker of late can tell,
As———
For over their Two-penny Pots, Sir,
They are Contriving Plots, Sir;
And have Hard-mouthed Sots, Sir,
To swear to unseen Blots, Sir,
Tho' they go to the Devil in Hell,
Tho'———

VI.

There's *Prig* their little Printer,
With *Squirt* that late scrap'd Lint, Sir;
And Sealers too stand fast, Sir,
With *Taffe* a Free-School Master,
And the little Man that swore,
And———
Who're ready at every Season,
To charge you with High Treason,
Without any Right or Reason,
If that you but teize 'em;
Or turn them out the Door,
Or———

VII.

There's one that comes not far, Sir,
With News from *Temple-Bar*, Sir;
At which they are all mute, Sir,
And then none dare dispute, Sir,
Whilst Squirt *the Papers reads,*
Whilst———
And then *their* Venom spew, Sir,
Swearing that all is true, Sir,
That hits with their own hue, Sir,
Be it for Turk or Jew, Sir,
So it cites no Loyal Deeds,
So it———

FINIS.